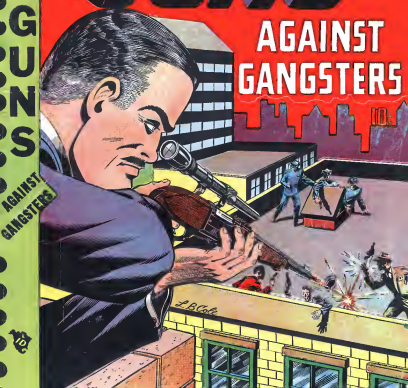


VOL. 2 No. 1

SEPT.-OCT.

# GUNS

## AGAINST GANGSTERS



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Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, retracts, erases. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

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ONE, MATCHED PEN - PENCIL SET, PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN AND MECHANICAL PENCIL - with 10, 10, 10 DAY GUARANTEE IN gold letters. Receive your 3 guarantee envelopes. Fill in 10 day 10 day 10 day money back guarantee. I will return set after 10 day trial. No cash refund. 10% in advance and no tax please!

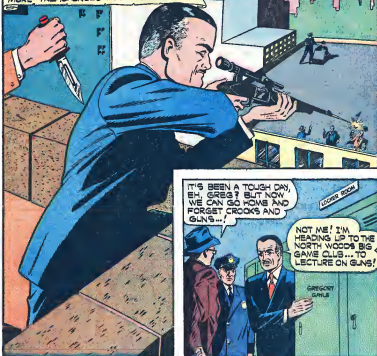
ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

PRINT NAME . . . Write indelible  
Send to (NAME):  
ADDRESS:  
CITY: STATE:

# THE GUNMASTER

GREGORY GAYLE

**B**IG GAME HUNTING IN THE HEART OF THE BIG CITY. THAT'S GREG GAYLE'S JOB.... BUT HIS PREY ARE MORE DEADLY THAN GRIZZLES, MORE TREACHEROUS THAN RATTLES!



GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS, Vol. 2, No. 1, September-October, 1949, published bi-monthly by The Premium Group of Cermco, a Division of Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 1152, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Editorial offices, 115 West 18th Street, New York 11, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A., copyright 1949 by Curtis Circulation Company. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$1.00 per year (6 issues) in U.S.A. Entered as Second-Class matter July 7, 1946, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. All characters and incidents described or depicted in stories (except those based on history or fact) are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

I'LL USE THIS PISTOL TO  
ACCUSTOM THE HUNTING  
DOGS TO GUNFIRE. IT'S  
LOADED WITH BLANKS!



HERE'S MY SAVAGE 99 RIFLE WITH A LYMAN  
ALASKAN TELESCOPE. GREAT FOR BIG  
GAME!



HOW CAN YOU TALK OF  
SPORT WHILE THESE  
CROOKS MAKE FOOLS  
OF US?

YOU'LL GET  
'EM, CAPTAIN  
GLUMM!



CROOKS ALWAYS  
MAKE SOME  
FATAL MISTAKE!

HMPH! I HOPE  
THIS GANG OF  
MONKEYS MAKES  
ONE SOON. WE  
HAVE ONLY ONE  
MEASLY CLUE!



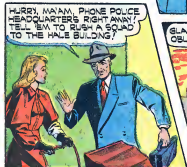
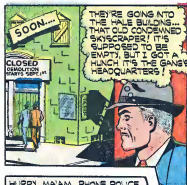
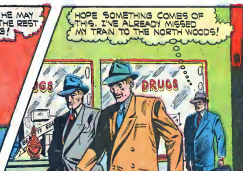
WE THINK RUDY BARKER  
IS IN THE GANG... BUT  
WE CAN'T FIND HIM!

GOOD LUCK,  
CAPTAIN! I'LL  
SEND A CARD  
FROM THE  
NORTH WOODS!

AS GREG WALKS TO THE RAIL-  
ROAD STATION, HE SPOTS NONE  
OTHER THAN....



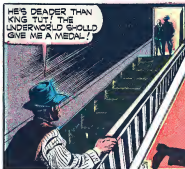
GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS.



No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

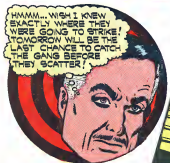


Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

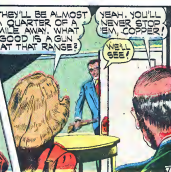


Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

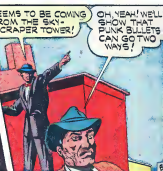
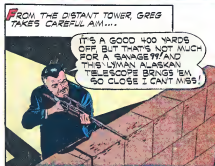




No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

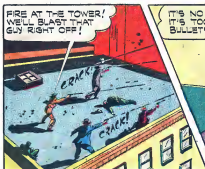


Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."





FIRE AT THE TOWER!  
WE'LL BLAST THAT  
GUY RIGHT OFF!

IT'S NO USE, RUDY!  
IT'S TOO FAR! OUR  
BULLETS FALL SHORT!

BLAST IT ALL! THAT  
GUY MUST HAVE A  
CANNON!



I'LL KEEP 'EM PINNED DOWN  
ON THE ROOF! THEY WON'T  
DARE MAKE A BREAK NOW!



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HOLD  
'EM THERE TILL POLICE  
INVESTIGATE THE FRING...  
AND FIND THE ROOFTOP  
GANG!



GREG'S ACCURATE FIRE GLUES  
THE GANG TO ONE SPOT!

WE CAN'T MOVE  
RUDY! THAT GUY'S  
GOT US TRAPPED!



MEANWHILE...

THE FRING CAME  
FROM THE ROOF!  
LET'S GO!

Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

# THE EVER POPULAR SAVAGE '99'

**T**HIS EXCEPTIONALLY FINE GUN WAS FIRST DEVELOPED IN 1899, A GENERATION AHEAD OF ITS TIME. IN THE HANDS OF A GOOD MARKSMAN THIS BIG GAME RIFLE IS A DEADLY WEAPON AGAINST DEER, MOOSE, AND EVEN THE LARGEST OF BEARS.

BY  
HARRY  
LAZARUS



**B**EING A LEVER ACTION GUN, IT OFFERS A MAXIMUM IN SAFETY. BEFORE A SHOT CAN BE FIRED, THE LEVER BELOW THE PISTOL GRIP MUST BE PULLED DOWN, AND THEN BACK INTO PLACE AGAIN. THIS ACTION ALSO EJECTS EMPTY CARTRIDGES...



DOWNWARD  
THRUST OF THE  
LEVER DISCARDS  
EMPTY SHELL.



NOTE:-- THE  
SAVAGE '99' IS  
A HAMMERLESS  
RIFLE. THIS  
ADDS TO ITS  
STREAMLINED  
BEAUTY.

**E**VEN TO THIS DAY, THE OFTEN IMITATED SAVAGE '99' CONTINUES TO HAVE A PENETRATIVE FORCE AND STREAMLINED BEAUTY THAT HAS NEVER BEEN EXCELLED... MUCH OF ITS POWER COMES FROM THE .300 CALIBRE SAVAGE CARTRIDGE. THE SAVAGE CARRIES A LOAD OF FIVE CARTRIDGES PLUS ONE IN THE CHAMBER. THESE CARTRIDGES MAY BE USED FOR TARGET PRACTICE, AS WELL AS BIG GAME HUNTING.

Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



THE SAVAGE '99' WITH A "LYMAN ALASKAN"

# TELESCOPE

THE SAVAGE '99', IN COMBINATION WITH THE "LYMAN ALASKAN" TELESCOPIC SIGHT, IS AN OUTSTANDING WEAPON THAT IS EXTREMELY ACCURATE, AT A DISTANCE OF OVER 400 YARDS, EVEN WITH POOR LIGHTING.



WITH A MINIMUM OF LABOR, THE ALASKAN 'SCOPE' CAN EASILY BE ATTACHED, AND BECOME A HIGHLY VALUABLE ASSET TO THE SAVAGE '99'.

ADJUSTMENTS FOR WIND AND SIGHTING ARE MADE HERE.

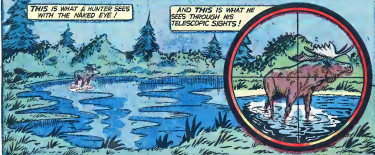
THE SAVAGE '99' WITH LYMAN ALASKAN TELESCOPE



IN SPITE OF ITS TREMENDOUS VALUE ONLY A FEW HUNTERS HAVE COME TO REALIZE THE TRUE BENEFITS OF HUNTING WITH TELESCOPIC SIGHTS. HOWEVER, IT IS EXPECTED THAT IN TIME ITS ADVANTAGES WILL BECOME KNOWN. ONE OF ITS ADVANTAGES IS ILLUSTRATED BELOW.

THIS IS WHAT A HUNTER SEES WITH THE NAKED EYE!

AND THIS IS WHAT HE SEES THROUGH HIS TELESCOPIC SIGHTS!



NOTE: THE FINEST GUN CAN BECOME A LETHAL WEAPON IN THE WRONG HANDS. THEREFORE, NONE BUT THE EXPERIENCED SHOULD HANDLE THEM.

15

No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

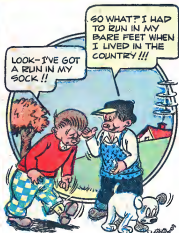


Dubble Bubble Gum is best  
for you and me and all the rest  
**GET SOME TODAY!**

1¢ with Comics, Fortunes, Facts



F. H. RUBER CORP., PHILA. 41, PA.



# TONI GAYLE



MAKE-UP IS IMPORTANT TO ANY MODEL, BUT IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH TO TONI WHEN SHE TANGLES IN 'THE BLUE LIPSTICK MURDER'!

WITH BODYGUARD BIFF MUGGSON, TONI VISITS A BIG BUILDING IN THE CITY'S ENTERTAINMENT AREA....

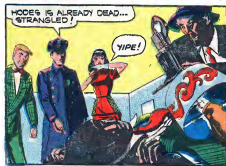
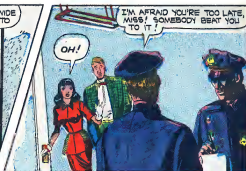
WISH ME LUCK, BIFF. IF I CLICK WITH MR. HODES I MAY GET A PART IN THE SHOW HE'S CASTING!

YA OUGHTA STICK TO MODELIN', TONI.

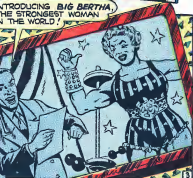
A.J. HODES  
THEATRICAL  
'AGENT'

Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."





Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



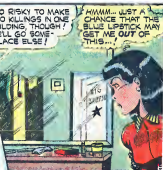
No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



TONI IS HELPLESS IN BIG BERTHA'S POWERFUL GRASP. SOON....



Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



THIS HAS TO BE FAST, WHILE BERTHA'S STILL BEHIND THE SCREEN!

THE LIPSTICK FALLS TO THE FLOOR. TONI CRUSHES IT.

NOW TO SMEAR IT THICK ON MY SOLES!

HOPE BERTHA DOESN'T LOOK FOR HER LIPSTICK!

WE'RE GOING FOR A LITTLE STROLL IN THE PARK!

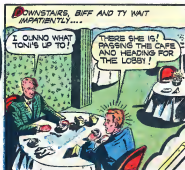
SOON...

I'LL KEEP THIS KNIFE HANDY... JUST IN CASE!

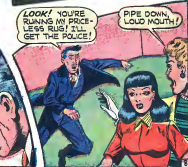
MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE, JUST BAT AN EYELASH FOR HELP, AND...

GLUP! WHO SAID WOMAN WAS THE GENTLE SEX?

Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."





# UNCLE MUST DIE



**T**HE BODY of Charles Bernay, wealthy Center City real estate operator, was found in his office at exactly 11:59 A.M. on Wednesday. He had been shot through the head with a small caliber revolver. A tall, broad-shouldered, red-headed man calling himself Mr. Robert Simpson, who had last been seen in the office, had disappeared immediately after the shooting. The police worked feverishly on the case, spurred on by the newspapers and by intense public interest. But after seventy-two hours of ceaseless effort, they had to admit they were stumped. The mysterious Mr. Simpson had vanished without a trace.

On the fourth afternoon after the murder, Detective Frank Sutter of the Center City Police, sat in the office of his superior, Captain Chasen, reading the late afternoon papers.

"Listen to this tripe," he exploded suddenly, turning to the Captain. "In big headlines, no less. **VICTIM'S DEATH COMES AS TERRIBLE SHOCK TO GRIEF-STRICKEN NEPHEW!** Grief-stricken my eye! Jack Bernay was just waiting for his uncle to kick-off!" Sutter's eyes narrowed and a thoughtful look crossed his lean face.

"In fact," he began slowly, "I wouldn't be surprised if young Bernay helped his uncle along. He had the motive. Jack owed Mike Colletti over fifty-thousand dollars in I. O. U's. And two days before the murder, Colletti threatened him with a one-way ride if he didn't pay up!" Sutter jumped to his feet. "That's an angle worth investigating," he said.

"Hold it, Frank," commanded the Captain. "Aren't you forgetting something? Young Bernay has an alibi for the time. Three reliable witnesses swore he was lunching with them in Statesville, miles from the murder-scene, at the time of the killing. And don't forget that we're looking for a red-headed killer. Jack Bernay is a dark brunette."

"I know, Chief, I know!" replied Sutter savagely. "But I've got a feeling about all that. First, none of these witnesses are good friends of Bernay. They're just casual acquaintances of the crowd he travels with. They only knew him by sight. I've got an angle, chief, that I want to work on. What'd you say?"

"Go ahead," answered Captain Chasen, "but remember this. Don't bring in Bernay unless you can make it stick. The Commissioner'll have your head if you do!"

Detective Sutter's first move was a curious one. He consulted a classified telephone directory and made a list of every wig-maker and costume-supply store in Center City. Armed with this, he began to make the rounds. And at every shop he asked the same question.

"Did you sell a red wig on or a few days before Wednesday, October 12, 1948?"

Most of the answers he received were in the negative. But finally at the next-to-last shop on his list, he received the answer he sought. The proprietor remembered selling a red wig to a customer three days before the murder. Consulting the records, Sutter found it had been sold to Bob Hatter, a young actor cur-

rently out of work.

Hatter turned out to be a friend of Jack Bernay. Detective Sutter quietly took young Hatter into custody.

The next morning in a cubby hole outside the line-up room at headquarters, Sutter did certain little things to Hatter's face with a stick of greasepaint. Then he marched him onto a brightly-lit platform with several other suspects.

A few people, seated in deep shadow facing the platform, let out simultaneous gasps of recognition.

"There he is," one of them said positively. "That's the man who lunched with us in Statesville the day of the murder."

"Of course," echoed another voice. "It's Jack Bernay."

Detective Sutter waved the other suspects from the room, turned up the lights, and beckoned Bob Hatter to the edge of the platform.

"Well, Hatter," Sutter said grimly. "What'd you say to that? You masqueraded as Jack Bernay in Statesville, while Jack Bernay masqueraded as Mr. Robert Simpson in Center City. Isn't that so?"

"I . . . I . . ." Hatter stuttered a moment, swinging between denial and confession. Confession won out. "Yes," he said finally. "You've got it right. Bernay disguised himself as Simpson with a red wig I bought for him. He killed his uncle. I was supposed to be his alibi!"

Jack Bernay died in the electric chair for his uncle's murder. Bob Hatter went to prison for life. And Detective Sutter received a promotion.

# An ACTOR'S SECRET



THERE was a trace of moisture in the eyes of Inspector Jansen as he wiped his eyeglasses and replaced them on his sharp nose. He glanced at the white sheet which covered the earthly remains of his favorite actor, Howard Pendleton. Then he looked at the two men seated before him in the large living room of the Pendleton apartment on Fifth Avenue.

The man on his right was Frank Baker, in his middle forties, stoutish, with graying black hair and a small nose on a chubby face. "You might be the killer," suggested the Inspector. "You had the motive and the opportunity. You hated Pendleton because he was going to foreclose his mortgage on your Midtown Theatre. The papers were full of the news that he had refused you an extension. According to his appointment pad, you were here at 10:30 yesterday evening. The doorman definitely remembers you arriving at 10:20 and leaving at 11:00 o'clock. That makes you suspect number one."

The Inspector looked at the man on his left, a thin, nervous man who certainly was scared. He was Louie Gordon, with a police record of eight arrests for picking pockets and burglary. "You might be the killer," pointed out the police official, "for you too

had the motive and the opportunity. Sometime between 11 and 12:00 last night you entered this apartment. You came up the servants' entrance to this floor. Then you opened the hall window, walked along the ledge, and entered Mr. Pendleton's bedroom. The precinct man arrested you downstairs with several items of jewelry which we can prove belonged to Mr. Pendleton. Assuming he heard a disturbance in his bedroom and entered, you might have thought it necessary to kill him."

The Inspector rubbed the palms of his hands together. "From the doorman's testimony we know definitely Mr. Pendleton was alive at 10:15. Why? Because at that time he called on the house phone and told the doorman not to bring him his usual midnight sandwich from the restaurant across the street. The coroner's examination indicates that death took place between 10:45 and midnight. That makes it look like an even bet that either of you committed the crime."

Both men were restless. In the room five detectives from headquarters were listening attentively as their chief talked. "The body was found slumped across the desk in the living room," continued the Inspector. "That

means one of two things. Either Frank Baker hit Pendleton on the head with the silver candlestick as he was seated at the desk, or Louie Gordon hit him with the candlestick in the bedroom, dragged the body into the living room, and then placed the dead man behind his desk. But don't worry, gentlemen, I know the identity of the killer."

An ominous silence followed his words. The Inspector led Baker to the sheet, removed it and watched the result. "It can't be! It can't be," was the startled exclamation from Baker.

"That settles it," announced the Inspector. "Louie Gordon, you must be the killer. You see, Howard Pendleton had a secret. He never saw visitors unless they had an appointment. He was totally bald and had a complete set of false teeth. When visitors came, he was the dashing man of the stage, with flashing white teeth and a head of curly blond hair. When alone, he was a bald-headed, toothless old man. We found the wig and teeth in the bathroom. That means he was alone—expecting no known visitor. Frank Blake, therefore, must have departed with Pendleton alive. Which means you, Louie Gordon, are the one who killed him."

# "FIRE AT WILL!"

Shots that hit the mark

## THE EDITORS WRITE:

In the olden days man used weapons to obtain food and to protect himself against animals and against other men who tried to rob him. Today, you and I do not have to kill our own game for food. Our modern society supplies foods in groceries and meat markets for money. However, we do carry over the old weapon-using instinct in the form of hunting, fishing and trapping.

Nowadays we do not usually need to carry weapons with us for protection. Our society provides us with Police Departments, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, other legal agencies, and the law courts, which are dedicated to the task of protecting us. Nevertheless, it is necessary for the Police, the F B I., etc., to carry weapons in the execution of their duties. Weapons are a means of enforcement as well as a protective measure. If society always ran smoothly there would be no need for such extensive law enforcement bodies, but such is not the case.

Weapons are desirable and necessary in some hands. But weapons in the hands of those who are not authorized or those who have the wrong purpose in mind are dangerous and can be deadly. This is the message we convey to you, our readers, as we show weapons and their uses. We show the effectiveness of weapons in the hands of those duly authorized and capable in their fight to preserve justice, peace and harmony.

Enjoy this issue of GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS. It's for your entertainment.

## THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I have read the March-April issue of GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS. I approve of it very much. Especially like "The Gun Master" and his very powerful handgun. I would like to suggest an improvement, and I think others will agree with me. I would like for you to fix questions at the bottom of the pages. I think that it is fun to answer these questions. If this suggestion is used I will be very pleased. Keep up the good work.

A true fan,  
Paul Gore  
Hinton, West Virginia

*Well readers, what do you think of Paul's suggestion?*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS has proper and moral stories. They show children and grown-ups as well, that crime does not pay, and that you must pay for crimes. I have read other crime books but they were not even half as interesting as the book, GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS. The March-April issue was the first issue I had ever had of this book. The stories that I enjoy the most are "Toni Gayle" and "Gregory Gayle." I haven't words enough to tell you how much I like it. It is filled with

excitement, action, and is so thrilling. Please keep putting the stories of Toni and Gregory Gayle in this book and I assure you I will keep buying it.

A new reader  
Lillian M. Foley  
Crampton 10, Rhode Island

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just read the May-June issue of GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS about Toni Gayle, Gregory Gayle, her father, and Annie Oakley. They were interesting stories. My mother doesn't like me to read comic books, but she said she didn't mind me reading interesting stories like these. So please keep putting these stories in your book. I hope my letter encourages you to keep up the good work.

Your faithful reader  
Lahana Jean Browning  
Gilbert, West Virginia

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the Jan.-Feb. issue of GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS. I think it is wonderful. It gets better all the time. I like Toni and Greg very much. I never miss a copy. I really think that GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS is the best

book you can buy. I also like the color of the pages.

I hope my letter encourages you to keep up the good work.

A very faithful reader,  
Caroline Camden  
Peoria, Illinois

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I wish to congratulate you on your fine book. I think it is the best one published.

Toni Gayle is my favorite character. It goes to show that some women are better crime fighters than men.

I also wish to congratulate you on the fine spirit in which you take criticisms.

A faithful reader,  
Anna Travis  
Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Your comic book is the most popular with me and my friends. I especially like Toni Gayle because she's so exciting and always so pretty. So you just keep up the good work and I'll be telling everybody about GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS.

A much convinced fan,  
Dolores Shanney  
Dearborn, Michigan



# Toni GAYLE



WITH TWO HUNDRED OF THE CITY'S CRACK SLEUTHS AVAILABLE TO SOLVE A BAFFLING MURDER ANY MERE WOMAN SHOULD TAKE A BACK SEAT... BUT TONI IS NO MERE WOMAN! THE ADVENTUROUS MODEL PROVES A WOMAN'S WILES ARE AS POWERFUL AS A MAN'S MUSCLES WHEN SHE BATTLES A DANGEROUS KILLER!!



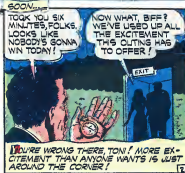
TONI IS AN ACTIVE GUEST AT THE DETECTIVES' ANNUAL OUTING...

HA! LOOK AT THAT, BIFF!

NICE TOSSN' LADY! YOU'RE A WINNER!



No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

AN HOUR LATER A SHOT RINGS OUT IN THE MYSTERY MAZE! THE GUARD DISCOVERS...

ULP! TOM CONKLIN...!



MURDER!  
TOM CONKLIN  
HAS BEEN KILLED!



CAPTAIN GLIMM AND GREG GAYLE  
SPRING INTO ACTION AT WORD OF THE  
MURDER...

THE KILLER MUST  
STILL BE NEARBY.  
SURROUND THE  
GROUNDS...

SPREAD OUT, BOYS.  
FIND OUT HOW  
MANY PEOPLE  
WENT THROUGH  
THE MYSTERY  
MAZE AND WHO  
THEY WERE.



THE DETECTIVES FUNCTION EFFICIENTLY,  
BUT RESULTS ARE MEAGER...

NO ONE HAS LEFT THE  
GROUNDS SINCE THE  
PICNIC STARTED,  
CAPTAIN GLIMM.  
THE KILLER MUST  
BE HERE.

SEEMS JUST  
ABOUT EVERY-  
ONE WENT  
THROUGH THE  
MAZE,  
SIR.



HUMPH! THAT GIVES  
US OVER THREE  
HUNDRED SUSPECTS.  
THE GUN WE FOUND  
IS NO HELP. IT  
CAME FROM THE  
TARGET SHOOTING  
BOOTH!

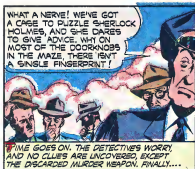
WE GOTTA  
CRACK THIS,  
GREG, AND  
FAST!

MAYBE I CAN HELP  
YOU OUT. I THINK  
I CAN FIND  
THE KILLER!

BAH! WE DON'T  
NEED ANY WOMAN  
TO HELP US! YOU  
MAY BE A DETECTIVE'S  
DAUGHTER BUT THAT  
DOESN'T MAKE YOU  
A DETECTIVE!

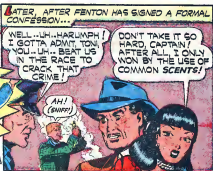
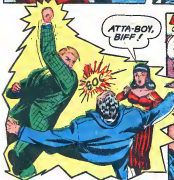
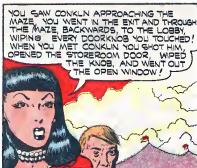


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DUCK  
\$3.95  
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Prod.)



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—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 187W  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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